Madge Bradley
1922

VOL. VII NO. 1

THE ORION

"We thank Thee that our land is loved of Thee
The blessed home of thrift and industry
With ever-open door
Of welcome to the poor—
Thy shielding hand o'er all abidingly.

Father all bountiful, in mercy bear
With this our universal voice of prayer—
The voice that needs must be
Upraised in thanks to Thee,
O Father, from Thy children everywhere."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Thanksgiving Number

ANDERSON COLLEGE, ANDERSON, S. C.

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"My turkey 'tis of thee,
Sweet bird of cranberrie!"

Anderson College Ideal:

A healthy, Christian gentle woman doing her work accurately, completely and happily.

THE ORION

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

We are now safely launched on another span of the Road to the Kingdom of Knowledge. Let us look back to the day when we passed through the great gate of this road and take stock of the tolls we payed. The toll that probably looms up with greatest conspiciousness is the separating from home and loved ones. It wasn't so easy to tell Mother and Dad good-bye; it wasn't so easy to look from the train window and see the little home town gradually fading into the distance. How little do we realize that our toll is nothing in comparison to what the home folks pay. Mother and Dad's hearts must ache dreadfully when they see the son or daughter gradually moving away from them—out upon the broad highway of success via the Scholastic Kingdom. Let each one search deeply to find and weigh with due consideration the very heavy price they pay for our entrance here. Do not get the idea that because Dad has a good bank account he doesn't know the joys, heart-aches and many sacrifices in giving his child the best of educational advantages. You are a member of the Andersonian Kingdom. Mother and Dad are backing you—they are giving up more than you know in order that your college life may carry with it every advantage, mentally, physically, and socially.

Freshman, you are just beginning your residence within our walls. What a wonderful opportunity you have before you, four short years, thirty-six short months in which to fit yourselves for a life work. Don't go another step until you have chosen your life work, have determined wholly and unreservedly to do your best, to let your ambitions rise sky-high to pay the homefolks in full and some to spare for the help, the interest and the sacrifice they have given you.

Seniors—let us look back into the four years. Have we done our best, or must we acknowledge that we have not put into these years our best efforts, and consequently have not received the best results. If you have not done your best, get to work and in these eight months that are left, redeem yourselves as nearly as possible. Take stock, of yourselves and you will be overwhelmed with the many things you must accomplish to square accounts before accepting your diploma.

Make of your life a four-fold life, not a cramped, one-sided affair. Here at Anderson we are given wonderful opportunities to develop every phase of life. Make a success of your part of the bargain, whether it be mental education, spiritual regeneration, physical recreation, or social transformation. Live for your college. Dig deep for knowledge, do your best—make yourself ready to stand life's test.

The Spirit of Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving! How the very word thrills us and brings visions of turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, along with the many happy associations and memories connected with a day spent in feasting, frolic and fun at Grandmother's house with uncles, and aunts and cousins. The country—"over the hills and far away" —is the place to spend Thanksgiving,—out where the air is full of the aroma of autumnal odors—sweet, crisp fodder, mellow harvest apples and dry frost-bitten leaves. My! on Thanksgiving day the very atmosphere is charged with expectancy, with joy and happiness. And why not the holiday mood? Is there any more appropriate time for being happy? Were not our forefathers, the Pilgrims happy when they gathered together that first Harvest time, the time of fruitage and fulfillment long years ago? Yes! But they were more; they were thankful, thankful to the source of their bounty to God's wonderful goodness toward them during the first years of their abode in a new land.

They met together not only to enjoy and revel in their many blessings, but to bless the One who had made the crops grow, flower and bear fruit, and had given them strength to bear burdens and endure hardship in colonizing a new country. To be happy and not thankful seems ignoble indeed!

And we college girls—our blessings are manifold as compared with those of our Pilgrim fathers. We have more reason to be thankful than any other class of people in the world, for we have not only to be grateful for our country and our homes and loved ones but for our opportunities. Can we be more thankful? Why shouldn't we make our lives full of thanksgiving every day. Let us cease murmuring "If one speck of dark appears in our great heaven of blue". There are many into whose lives the horn of plenty has not been emptied and the best way of showing our happiness and gratitude is by making some less fortunate one happy, for:

"Some with thankfulness are filled
If one small streak of light
One ray of God's great mercy
Gild the darkness of their night."

—Virginia Cowherd.

THE SONG OF THE MOCKING BIRD

Tell me, O Mocking Bird
As you sit on the bough of the tree,
Where you get all your beautiful songs
That you sing every day to me!

How can you be so merry?
Your life seems always a song;
Think you to make others cheery
As you sing there all day long?

You are a heavenly gift, O, Bird,
Sent down to earth below,
To make music where love is unheard
And to make hearts glow!

Sing on, O bird of our land—
Send gladness along life's stream,
That others may see God's hand
And be glad to follow the Gleam!

—Van Ray Kenny.

MIS' MAYSON'S THANKSGIVING.

Mirandy's mother was a natural born optimist and in Mirandy too could be found traces of this most admirable trait. The neighbors used to say that when Mis' Mayson made up her mind to have a thing, have it she would. And, in some miraculous way she invariably managed things, whether it be the preparing of a tasty meal from a sadly depleted pantry, or a very becoming bonnet from some finery Mirandy's mistress had cast off.

Mrs. Mayson was truly Irish as was evidenced from the tiny quarters which she and her only daughter called home. Not even a microscopic particle of dust could be found in one of the three cheery little rooms. On this particular morning the neighbors dropping in felt sure something unusual was going to happen there before the day was gone. The motherly soul was singing at the top of her voice as she scrubbed windows, hung clean curtains, and did the thousand little duties which inevitably betoken something out of the ordinary trend of daily life.

"Mis' Mayson, what's on for to-day, company coming?" questioned the most neighborly Mrs. Henny. "Ain't Mirandy goin to work to-day? I see her settin there by the window pealin' potatoes while she dries that purty curly head of hers."

"Why, Miss Henny, don't ye realize this is Thanksgiving day, and don't that just naturally mean clean up, cook and company? The day wouldn't be complete without some less fortunate bein' could share me an Mirandy's humble fare. I'm purty shure some strang-

er, or maybe some 'quaintance will smell me dinner on a cooking and drop over".

"You sure be funny woman, if I do say it. The very idea of a fixin' a good dinner, gettin' ready for company and not knowing a body that's sure to come! I'll be goin'—if you need me' extra plates and chairs just you send Mirandy over for 'em", was the somewhat sarcastic remark tossed over the shoulder of the departing guest.

Mirandy was almost as puzzled over "Ma's doings" as was Mrs. Henny. Undoubtedly Mrs. Mayson had some great surprise planned for her, but not one word of it could she drag from her mother. All she knew of the days plans was that her mother had asked Mrs. Hambry, the lady she worked for, if "the dear child could spend Thanksgiving Day with her ma and some friends". Mrs. Hambry must have learned a bit of these mysterious plans, for, on the evening before, she had given Mirandy a pretty blue serge dress and a hat, none the worse for a few months wearing, but, as that good woman had said, "a bit too youthful for herself, and most suitable for the slim girlish figure".

When Mrs. Mayson saw these, she gave one of her usual expressions of delight, "Praise the Lord! Shure and fate be aiding ye mither this day".

One thing Mirandy could not understand, her mother's prompt NO to her question as to an afternoon with Rad, one of the neighborhood boys: "Plans is already made for ye afternoon", she had been told.

"Mirandy, how's Mr. Jimmy that young secretary of Mis' Hambry's," the interested mother inquired, not failing to note the quick rush of color in Mirandy's face, and adding, "Uh huh, jus' as I 'spected."

"Ma, please let's dont spoil my Thanksgiving day by talking of him. Ever since the day he told me he loved me, I've kept away from him, for, ma, one of Mrs. Hambry's maids said he was certainly steppin' below his position to pay me any mind. So, ma, I've almost quit a 'carin' for the likes o' him", she added, falling back into the old dialect, a sure sign of a troub-

led heart. The tear might have been quickly brushed away, and the sigh muffled, but they did not pass unobserved by the understanding mother.

"Niver ye mind m' darlin'. Let him go. There niver was a lad too good for ye, angel child. We'll see what we'll see. Go dress yeself now. The work's all done, dinner's on a 'cookin', and who knows but company may be comin in soon? Better hurry I 'spec, it's most twelve now."

"Mother Mayson, your song is right, 'There's a great day coming', only not bye and bye, but right now on this very Thanksgiving day. Come on let's sing it that way."

So it happened that Mirandy, beautiful in her charming girlishness, standing before her mirror, admiring the handed down blue serge, was somewhat startled to hear a clear tenor voice and her mother's ringing soprano singing—

"There's a great day coming, this very Thanksgiving Day".

Stepping to the kitchen door she was very astonished to see Jimmy beside Mrs. Mayson, one arm around her shoulder, the other grasping her hand. Her heart almost stopped beating as she listened. What could this great day mean? She could not reflect upon this question long, for Jimmy saw her, and then the hand that Mother Mayson had held was around another shoulder, and he was saying—

"The great day's here, Mirandy dear, and it's truly a day of Thanksgiving. You love me Mirandy, I know you do, and so things are all fixed up, aren't they Mother Mayson."

Shure m' darlin', Jimmy's me son now as shure's ye're m' daughter. I always did say me child would have what she wanted, and what more could ye want, a new frock, a new bonnet, and Jimmy m' dear."

"RATTLE EM"

AN ACCOUNT OF RATTLING IN A BIG UNIVERSITY FOOT BALL GAME AND HOW AN EX-CHAMPION WON BACK HIS RIGHT OF LEADERSHIP AMONG THE STUDENTS.

Jim Ford limped across the field and started for home. What did it mean and this the last practice before the big game of the season?

One seeing the expression on his face would have attributed it to anger and only his Mother could have interpreted its deep lines of emotion, for of late she had noticed them more than once on her son's usually sunny countenance.

So they thought that Jim, their former champion couldn't help any more. Jimmy groaned aloud and tried to brace up on his twisted knee (thanks to foot-ball the season before) as he heard the big coaches question and the quarter-back's reply: "Aw, what you want Jimmy for, he can't help us now."

Jim pulled from his pocket a crumpled bit of the "Morning Mail" and read again for the eleventh time the short paragraph entitled "In the Lime Light", which ran:—

"Old alarm bell that for the past century has excited the students of ———————— College will find its way to the smelting pot on October 6th."

Gee! that hurrah was too great to let alone and Jim just had to show the boys and girls who thought just because of his "cursed" limp he couldn't do anything and hailed him as "poor Jimmy" and "limping Jim" that he wasn't on the shelf—no not quite yet.

If he could only be "Jim, old man" and the "big foot-ball champion" to the students again—he was tempted to run back and tell the boys about his great idea for he knew they realized that unless something

miraculous happened they would be defeated. But he checked the impulse—the Wild Cats mustn't have any grounds for suspicion. A grin overspread his face that would have inspired a "Whistler" and he chuckled to himself:

"Boys, if I pull this over, you'll have to hand it to me".

He limped on, his thoughts moving faster than his lamed knee and by the time he reached the house the question of how to find out the where-abouts of the bell without letting his hunch out was solved—and Hamby was the man to ask. Good old Bill, still loyal to his Alma Mater. He got the H. P. Iron Works over long distance and asked to speak to Mr. Hamby, the manager.

"Hello, Bill,—Yep, this is Jim. Can anybody hear you? Fine! Listen, have you the old ———— College alarm? Don't know, but will see. Great!"

Jimmy's heart sank but rose again as he heard Hamby's voice come over the wire after a long silence full of suspense.

"Yes, Jimmy, I've got it—What's up—"rattling"? Great guns, boy you're a wizard. The old University doesn't realize what a genius it has. Sure, I'll save it for you—come up in the morning with a truck."

Jim hung up the receiver and gave three cheers that frightened small Mary but pleased his Mother who was thankful Jimmy had decided to be reasonable about his affliction.

The day of the big game dawned clear and cool and it was a happy Jimmy who drove out of the garage in a big yellow truck, hideously decorated with huge black lettering.

By twelve o'clock noon, he was back in his own town with his precious treasure well hidden behind the grandstand fence. Faith was with him this year although it had tricked him the year before and Jim smiled at destiny.

Mr. Ford addressed his wife, as the front gate click-

ed behind Jimmy leaving a tempting lunch scarcely touched.

"I wonder what that young rascal is up to?"

"He hasn't been himself for the last few days, he must be anxious about the game"—Jim's Mother answered.

"He ought to be, but he's not. I tell you, Mary, that boy has got something up his sleeve".

"I know our Jim's not going to have the Lions defeated if he can help it and John, have you noticed how bright and cheerful he seems."

"You bet I have, Mary, but as you know I've always told you that scamp didn't deserve all the sympathy he's been getting."

Four o'clock came. The peanut man was there and doing good business for the grandstands were overflowing with fans and the enthusiasm had no bounds.

The Lion's band was playing "We always get Em" while the Wild Cats succeeded in making their tune carry as far as the imagination of the rooters would carry it.

The red socks and the yellow sweaters marched out on the field, the whistle blew and for ten minutes the confusion died out and the unconscious watchers eagerly followed every movement on the field.

A deafening uproar came from the College grandstand while the University rooters were silent. The first quarter had ended in favor of the Wild Cats.

Again, the crowd leaned over the rail, yelling and waving encouragement to the players for the last quarter in the second half had begun and this would tell the tale.

Now, Carter, the Lion, had the ball; then, Moore, the Wild Cat, was taking it to goal. The University rooters were breathless with dread while the Wild Cats' cheerers yelled joyously the tune of "Wild Cats Victorious", but before Moore reached the line, Jimmy let go the clapper, the Wild Cats paused and al-

though just for one moment, it was a Lion that carried the ball home. Jim had succeeded, the Wild Cats were rattled and although they rallied wonderfully the game ended in favor of the Lions.

For a moment a great silence fell over the bewildered crowd, then as they realized what had happened, the thousands made one grand rush for the field gate where Jim Ford, the ex-champion, a little dazed himself, stood, resting his laimed knee against an old rusty iron bell, and it was he, instead of the Lion's captain who was carried across the field, on the backs of the people.

When the Wild Cats, still a little rattled, went behind the fence to investigate, they saw a familiar sight —their old black fire alarm and Carter, the Captain, laughed as he gave the old bell a playful kick.

"Who would have thought you would play a trick like this on us? Well, boys, we've been beaten by the man we thought we'd seen the last of, so let's find Jim Ford, the cleverest foot-ball champion in these parts."

The sounds that issued from the brilliantly lighted hall indicated that the banquet was in full swing. Jim Ford rose at the head of the long table when the cry of "Speech", "Speech" went up from the banqueters, and a quiet fell upon the room as he began to speak.

"Boys, I don't deserve all the praise you have given me tonight. It was not all on account of my love for the team that I did it—but for my own selfish motives. To tell the truth, I played to the grandstand instead of the team, but I had to hear you call me "Jim" again instead of "Jimmy"—his voice broke, and so touching was the picture he made—a great big, powerful man, frankly stating that he hated to be pitied, that more than one good sport's eyes grew misty, while the yells went up:

For Jim, a regular foot-ball man: "Rah! Rah! Rahra! Rahra! Rah!"

—Pheme Blanton '26.

AN APPRECIATION

BY A SENIOR

At this season when all of us are counting our blessings, we feel that the greatest one that has come to the Anderson College Student Body is Mrs. Samuel Lumpkin, of Atlanta. She brings to us the benefits of her broad experiences, her knowledge of life, and an understanding of human nature which enables her to know intuitively our many needs.

Perhaps some of the students consided her strict, but everyone is coming to realize more and more that whatever she does is with a view to what is best for "her children". She appreciates a College girl's point of view, taking delight in our pleasures and helping willingly with the tasks we undertake. Mrs. Lumpkin is never too tired or too busy to listen to us, and she always has a wise word of council. Day and night, the girls knock at her door and find her always ready. True, if we have done wrong, we stand in awe of her, but not so much that we fail to feel her sympathy and understanding. If we are worried over our studies, she is interested, and the breadth of her culture and her beautiful refinement of manner, tone, and thought is in itself an education. While, if we are in need of advice and council in Spiritual matters, we feel that her wisdom and warmth of devotion and her close following of the Master—all this strength of Christian character is at our service.

Indeed, Mrs. Lumpkin is a Mother to the girls, she has made her place among us and it is a large one. All of us feel that if to serve the needs of others with devotion and good cheer is our ideal, we can certainly see it lived in Mrs. Lumpkin's daily life.

Truly, she is "A Healthy, Christian Gentlewoman, Doing her Work Accurately, Completely, and Happily".

(Perhaps something concerning another member of our Faculty will appear in the next number).

THE ROAD BEFORE US.

Roads, roads, roads. Yes, there are roads of every length and grade; wide roads and narrow roads, steep roads and level roads, leading into every corner of the world. There are a very few girls who have not at some time or other thought deeply and with much interest about the vague future which they must experience. They gaze into it by dreams and aircastles but this dreaming and gazing is all in vain. How great it would be, but how impossible it is, for us to see what we will be and where we will be ten, fifteen, or twenty years from now. Nevertheless, it is today that counts in our life. We have the right today to choose for ourselves the road upon which we would rather travel and the work we would like to do upon our journey. It is true, however, that some will have great opportunities to lead them to success while others will doubtless encounter more misfortune than it seems possible for them to bear. Some will have luxury and ease because of the wealth that is about them. But these will not be envied. How much better it is for a young man or woman to go out independently and face the world. This will bring out the noblest and best qualities of character, especially if sacrifices have to be made. We should all have a goal—a great, hard, and glorious goal—not to get out of life just those things which might help us along our road, but also a goal which has as its outstanding feature service for others. Make the goal so high that you will have to bend your back to reach it. Hitch your goal to the highest and brightest star in Heaven, then, travel on that road, working as you go, until the last step has been taken and you hear the words, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

"Map out more than you can do—then do it.
Bite off more than you can chew—then chew it.
Hitch your wagon to a star—
Keep your seat and there you are."

—Frances Harris.

* * * * * * * *
* LESSONS IN LINES *
* * * * * * * *

STUDIES FROM TENNYSON

"And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark hazel eyes".—Locksley Hall.
Can a spirit truly dawn without deeply dawning?

Caroline Parnell '24

Most emphatically the answer to this question is "No!" The pendulum swings from one extreme to the other, and the spirit that has been deeply asleep, as implied by the question, will experience a deep awakening. Otherwise, the spirit has not truly dawned.

The awakening, or dawning, is brought about through intense sorrow, loss, or sometimes joy. We ourselves can, all, perhaps, give an illustration of someone we know, who has experienced this awakening, through one of these mediums. But the most wonderful means of awakening a sleeping soul is love. God brings about this dawning, and God is Love infinite. Therefore, in reality this dawning comes from God.

Dawning is but the synonym for change, and change is necessary to life and progress. Everything about us changes, adorned by God. He gives us Death, so that Life may change. Take the case of the flower of great beauty, that was made possible only through the sacrifice of the tiny seed, which gave its life for the flower. This is merely change or the awakening of the heart of the seed and the development of the flower.

Likewise, the soul that is deeply awake, not merely conscious of things, but sensitive also, is far more beautiful than the sleeping soul. The little seed stirs, awakens in the ground and gives to the world the beauty of the flower. The soul that is spiritually asleep is of no use to the world, but when it is awakened it blossoms and radiates life. It is this look in the eyes of the human race that distinguishes it. This change will bear the awakened soul from the life of dreams into the life of realities; the soul will experience all that life offers and then it will have truly dawned and lived.

"Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin **forever** down the ringing **grooves** of **change**"—Locksley Hall.
"Let the Great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Gladys Atkinson '23.

Through the boundless expanse of the celestial sphere the great world spins perpetually. Who can imagine anything more overwhelming, more inconceivable than a world spinning on and on, forever and ever into infinity? The term forever awes and bewilders us, so incapable are we of comprehending its immensity.

Change is always taking place around us, we would not have it otherwise. There is a continuous change of life, from life to life and even from day to day, for does not the sun come down from its zenith to give place to the night lights? And so, we have endless change not only in our lives, but also within our communities, our nations, and throughout the great world. Tennyson disliked lack of ambitions, lack of action to the extent of moral detriment and stagnation. His ideal was what our ethical world is, has been, and always will be—an ever changing world.

So intense is the change that as the great world spins across the paths of time it wears away the bottomless furroughs, deep convolutions, endless **grooves.** The perpetuality of the change is so forcible as to intensify these indentations to such an extent that they become ringing grooves which reverberate throughout this boundless changing area.

And thus, forever and ever, this constant changing is ploughing into the great world grooves which ring with intensity of newness in whose depths, down through the ages will flow onward this harmony of the Universe, carrying man safely and joyously from sun to sun, and from the smaller life to the richer, fuller, greater life.

"A Limitation of the Principle Involved in the "Lotus Eaters" and
The Necessity of the Spirit of Ulysses."

Edna Parham '23

The principle involved in the "Lotus Eaters" is not very high or uplifting. This principle, the quest of pleasure and comfort for self, must be limited. It has no elevating motives—all are selfish and weakening. Civilization would be unable to advance one degree if all people were like the Lotus Eaters. It is necessary that we live peaceably and happily, but not selfishly and without ambition. We must attain greater happiness by living for others. Unless this principle were limited there would always be moral and civil unrest. There are two characteristics of the Lotus Eaters that are suggestive of modern unrest, the dissatisfaction of labor and the disinclination to stand and fight against that which is wrong, and if these were not checked there would be utter ruin.

The principle involved in "Ulysses", on the other hand, is very high and uplifting. This principle, "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield", is necessary

for the advancement of civilization. The principle has unselfish, elevating motives. The great desire for the betterment of humanity, of doing something greater, is not visionary, it is the aim of all civilized races today, as was the goal of Ulysses. Our forefathers were imbued with this principle and thereby created this wonderful government of ours. There is a great necessity for the principle in Ulysses—for the advancement in civilization and for world progress.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES.

Dearest Marjorie:

You can never guess where I have been? I have been to your Alma Mater, and Majorie, I can never tell you how much I was impressed with the Religious activities there. You had tried to tell me about them but I never did believe you; however, I can truly say now that I do.

When I arrived at Anderson College, who should I see but your friend Mrs. Davis. She was there in behalf of the W. M. U. of South Carolina, and also Miss Louise Foreman, the Student Worker of The Southern Baptist Convention. Mrs. Davis told the girls about all the Y. W. A.'s in the state and impressed upon them the great opportunities of the Women of today. After this meeting I met all the officers of the Cabinet who are:

President of Y. W. C. A. _____ Elizabeth Cowherd
Vice President _____ Lula Lee Leathers
Secretary _____ Mary Kendrick
Treasurer _____ Van Ray Kenny
Y. W. A. President _____ Martha White
Vice President Y. W. A. _____ Emily Watts

The Y. W. C. A. is accomplishing great things this year. All the girls are interested in the work and seem so willing to take part. The one thing that impressed me most of all was the Prayer Meetings which are held every night immediately after dinner. I know you remember about them, and will you ever forget the influence that went out and is still going out from those Prayer Meetings? Why the very atmosphere throughout the college seems different after a service

of this kind. After the meeting I was talking to the president of the Y. W. A., Martha White, who had just come back from Winthrop where she represented the Student Volunteer Band at an Executive Council meeting. She told me about the Council, made up of representatives from all the colleges in South Carolina which had met to plan for the Student Volunteer Conference at Winthrop in February. At this meeting of the Council two members were chosen to go to New York, in the spring, to represent South Carolina at the Southern Student Volunteer Movement. The Student Volunteer Band is doing a great work. They are expecting to do a great deal of deputation work this year and they seem so enthusiastic over their plans. They are expecting to send all the Band to Winthrop and hope to come out ahead of all the other colleges in report of their work.

I can truthfully say that Anderson College has as fine a spirit among its girls as any other college I have ever visited.

Write me all about your work and plans for the coming year.

Your friend,
M. W.

LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

The few short weeks we have been at Anderson College have been intensely interesting for the Literary Societies. The new girls! Oh dear! How every Lanier spent days of longing and nights of sighing for the day when the girls would join the Societies, and we could really determine the ones to call our very own.

First there were the Serenades and the night air rang with the refrain: "The Laniers are here from far and near, to sing new girls to you!" Not satisfied merely with singing, but desiring to win greater favor in the eyes of the "High and Mighty New Girls", we planned a party for them on Saturday night, September 23rd, 1922. Each new girl received an invitation in the form of a yacht, which stated that the Lanier yacht would set sail and invited each new girl to sail with us. The gymnasium bore every resemblance to a snug little yacht ready to set sail. Promptly at eight the girls crossed over the gang plank and entered the dining room. Punch, sandwiches, ice cream and cake were served to the guests while they were being entertained with various stunts, dances and pantomimes. An interesting tub race was included in this program. Upon drawing numbers to determine the competitors of the race, Miss Grace Cronkhite and Miss Louise Wray drew the fatal cards. Miss Cronkhite however, felt unable to enter such a strenuous race, so she easily obtained for her substitute, Miss Edith Hall. She fought a good fight, but the tide was against her and in the end Miss Louise Wray was victorious.

Two long weeks then dragged by ere the night arrived for the final decision to be made. The Laniers

met in the Gym, and a path leading there was ribboned off with purple and white streamers and a place card hung in conspicous view which read:

"The Purple and White Way;
Is the Right Way".

Many took this for their motto, because the final reckoning gave us the names of thirty-eight new girls to add to our list of loyal Laniers.

Two weeks slipped by before we came together again. A regular program was carried out. It is customary to devote one meeting a year to the study of the life and poems of Sidney Lanier, for whom our Society is named. A program such as this is always inspirational, for the Ideals of Lanier are our Ideals, his high standard is ours and it is with a thrill of pride that we say:

"Away from the glare so with hearts all aglow
Laniers! We will Go, and Do, and Dare!"

ESTHERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

"Estherians welcome you!" Every new girl felt that the very walls which bore these words resounded with the spirit of a warm and royal welcome. Would the time ever come for the new girls to join our society! Indeed, it seemed ages before they, who were as anxiously waiting to become Estherians as the old Estherians were for them to join our ranks, were allowed to do so. But, time had to be given for all the girls to become acquainted and to decide in which of the sister societies they could be more congenial and do the most efficient work.

We, Estherians, tried to show the new girls how delighted we were to have them come to Anderson by entertaining them on Saturday, September 30th. Every new girl received a star bearing these words,—"Follow the gleam to our garden fete, Saturday evening at half after eight." There certainly must have been a mistake for no place was designated for the occasion. But, no! Brilliant stars led the way down East colonade and through the halls to the gym, which appeared as if some fairy had branished her wand over the world and had turned it into a place of enchantment. Cedars and pines had grown overnight, and ivy wound itself around the pillars. Japanese lanterns lent a soft glow to the garden. The guests were seated at small tables and were delightfully entertained during the entire evening. A brilliant star at one corner attracted their attention. It was the Estherian star, the emblem of our society, which the president so impressively told us about in her words of welcome. She said that in 1913 there arose a star at Anderson College and all the girls immediately became its followers.

It was the Estherian Literary Star. Dr. Chambliss, the beloved first president of Anderson College, named our society from Esther, which means a star. Underneath this twinkling star could be seen a curtained frame. Indeed, it was a frame—a picture frame, for when the curtain was drawn a most beautiful Indian scene was revealed. An Indian squaw was seated before a wigwam holding her papoose, while a chorus sang "Little Papoose". Another picture was shown, and still another. Our dear little mascot, Frances Wevver, by some magic charm had been turned into a glow-worm. Many lights twinkled over her dainty little costume as she flitted about, while a chorus sang "Little Glow-worm." "Nothin' but Love" was irresistible as well as a number of others. After the musical tableaux the attention of all was turned to the delicious refreshment consisting of a salad course, with nectar served from a unique well in one nook of the garden. During the evening dances were given by ballet girls, a little cupid, and some dainty little waitresses. The throwing of serpentine to the new girls and the Estherian song, made everyone feel the thrill of a real garden fete.

The wish that many of the new girls would catch the vision, follow the gleam, and become Estherians, was certainly fulfilled for on Saturday night, October 7, while the Estherians were waiting expectantly for the new members, we went wild over the number that rushed into the auditorium. Thirty-eight new girls became Estherians.

After the president and our sponsor welcomed the new girls, both echoing the ideals of the Society, the Secretary read the Constitution and By-Laws. Then our little mascot was given an opportunity to express her sentiment. The president stated some of the plans for the coming year in which each member is to have the opportunity of developing herself and rounding out her college training. We are planning for bigger and better programs this year and we hope to have

many open meetings to which the faculty is invited and urged to come. The Estherian Literary Society, in cooperation with the Lanier Literary Society, desires to raise the standard of our excellent institution.

On Tuesday evening, October 10, during recreation, the Estherians entertained their new members and the officers and sponsor of the Lanier Literary Society at a marshmallow toast. Everyone met in west colonade promptly at nine-thirty, and gathered before the large open fireplace. All were full of pep as well as marshmallows when the bell rang.

The new members are now full-fledged Estherians, for they were formally taken into the society by a beautiful and impressive ceremony, Saturday night, October 21st. May every Estherian radiate always the light of good scholarship, the warmth of good fellowship, and the sweetness of true womanhood!

FINE ARTS

On the evening of October the 2nd, the faculty and students of Anderson College were favored with a song recital by Mr. John Townsend. Of course Anderson College and the citizens of Anderson are doubly interested in Mr. Townsend as he is an Andersonian, and one of whom they have every reason to be proud. He is studying at Damroch Institute of Music in New York where he has been only two years. The latter clause sounds unbelievable when we consider what he has accomplished.

Mr. Townsend is a lyric baritone. All who heard him were greatly impressed by the rich, mellow quality of his voice. That he is also gifted in composition is proved by his own song, "Without You" which was one of the most enjoyable numbers on his program.

The program was great. In "Le Papillon" we have found that our Dear Miss Peterson has a rival! The three Russian numbers were especially beautiful. Mr. Townsend showed much ability and skill in his last number "Largo al Factotum" from "Barber of Seville".

Much praise is due to Mrs. Herbert Harris who assisted Mr. Townsend at the piano. No singer can do his best without a good accompanist. Such a one is Mrs. Harris who seems to lose her very soul in the music. This is something that every singer appreciated.

The first concert of our faculty series was given on the evening of October 23, by the professor of voice, Miss Winafrid Stephens.

Miss Stephens is from London where she studied with John Acton and Victor Beigel. She is also a pu-

pil of Charles Lederer of Vienna. Anderson College feels great pride in having such a well prepared and efficient instructor.

Miss Stephens has a clear, mellow mezzo-conrtalto voice which she uses with much skill.

The program was unusually good. The large and enthusiastic audience seemed to enjoy every number. Special mention should be made of "Mandoline" by Debussy and "Nicolette" by Ravel, "Lullaby" by Scott, and "Dreamin' Time" by Strickland, and of course "Segnedilla" from "Carmen". The Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes were particularly entertaining. Miss Stephens made her program more interesting by giving the story and style of each number.

Mrs. Herbert Harris added much to the success of the evening by her beautiful accompaniments.

Our artists course this year will consist of five numbers, each one being an exceptional event of importance. The opening number will be an organ recital at the First Baptist church given by the famous Belgian organist, Charles Courboin. Mr. Corboin is the organist at Wannamaker's, both in New York and Philadelphia. He is one of the world's greatest players upon this "King of Instruments." That Anderson has secured him is a thrilling event.

Miss Agusta Cottlow, the distinguished American, who won such a warm place in our affections two seasons ago, will give another piano recital January 29th.

On February 23, the Griff's Trio, consisting of Miss Olga Steel, pianist, Miss Edna Thomas, Mezzo Contralto, and Sasha Jacobnoff, voilinist, will give one of their rare entertainments. Their musical evenings appeal to everybody, yet from the most critical and discriminating people come the keenest words of appreciation.

On March 26th, the concert will be given by the Zoellner String Quartet. The Zoellners have played together for fifteen years and are acclaimed one of

the four leading string quartets now in America This concert will be one of the choicest of the course.

On April 20th, Dr. Edward Howard Griggs makes his first appearance in Anderson. He will give one of his incomparable lectures.

HOME ECONOMICS

The department of Home Economics has the promise of splendid work this year, having doubled its enrollment over last year. It is encouraging to see that the students are realizing the necessity and advantages of a clearer knowledge of practical things in life. They are also learning to become more efficient teachers in this department in the High Schools because of the introduction of a new course this year in Methods of Teaching Home Economics. In this course lectures are given and practical work is done in the Freshman classes in Cookery and Sewing.

The delicious punch, sandwiches, and mints served at the opening reception were prepared by the Cookery classes and served in the new dining room by the girls in this department. The dining room is unusually attractive this year, being furnished with light oak furniture given by Mrs. Lumpkin. The elaborate window draperies of blue and grey combination were planned and made by the class in Household Administration.

The class in Home Cookery and Table Service gave an afternoon tea to the entire faculty and all visitors in the college Tuesday, October 31st, from 4:30 to 5:30 o'clock. The room was decorated with autumn leaves and flowers and orange candles gave a golden glow to the room. The following menu was served:

Tea Chocolate
Cookies Sandwiches
Red and Yellow Mints
Salted Nuts

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* COLLEGE NEWS *
* * * * * * *

New girls and more new girls! September 12th, brings them to Anderson College from all parts of South Carolina, and we can even boast a few from Atlanta, Ga., the home of our new Dean of Women, Mrs. Lumpkin. Of all description these new girls are; long and lean; short and fat; "red-headed" ones, yellow haired and brown and black haired also. Friday following our arrival on Tuesday saw our first days work, and the green young freshmen get a taste of college class room work at A. C.

September 22-23, 1922! What freshman at Anderson College will not always remember those days, and perhaps quite a few of them, with a shudder. Freshman initiation! With their hair in pig-tails, the ends tied with green ribbons, and huge green paste-board hat on the back of their heads, the freshman were subject to many tortures planned by the heartless and revengeful Sophomores. All came out safely however as far as the final initiation, the "fresh" can tell you more about that than I can.

On Friday night, September 29, Dr. John E. White, president of the College gave a reception to the faculty of Anderson College. Days before hand, the girls were warned to have their rooms spotless on that day, because at five o'clock, the doors of the college were to be opened to the public, who were cordially invited to inspect dormitories, class-rooms, dining room, and go anywhere else they chose. It was quite a shock to the girls to see the young men of the city being conducted throughout the college halls. Delicious

punch and sandwiches, prepared by the domestic science department, were served the many interested guests of the college.

A most interesting and entertaining musical programme was given in the college auditorium by Mr. John H. Townsend, baritone, and Mrs. Herbert Harris, accompanist. The program was well selected and rendered, and the audience of college and town people enjoyed it immensely.

Girls from both the Estherian and Lanier Literary Societies, are busy nowadays rushing the new girls, preparatory to their joining either one of the societies on October 7th. Good luck to both societies.

In spite of rainy weather our October Day picnic was a splendid success and heartily enjoyed by all. We count ourselves more than fortunate in having this tradition handed down from year to year. And to think, the only price we have to pay for this splendid holiday and family picnic is the singing of "October". We thank you, Dr. Knight, and Mrs. Lumpkin and all who had a share in giving us the outing.

We looked forward with great interest to Miss Winafrid Stephens voice recital. Although Miss Stephens taught voice at the college last year, she did not give her initial recital until this year. She did not disappoint us this year for on Monday night, October 23rd, Miss Stephens gave a charming and most enjoyable recital in the college auditorium.

The Seniors are pepped to death! Why? Because on Saturday night, with befitting ceremonies and programme, they will take their senior table, and there on that night the Juniors will get their first 1922-23 glimpse of the much abused but faithful crook. Five days after October 28, the Juniors are at liberty to search for the crook and well, we're most sure they will find it sometime during the year. We hope so, at least, because the crook is enjoyed far more if it changes hands at least once or twice during the year.

The following clipping will be of interest to all of us as it concerns a member of our faculty:

PEABODY ALUMNI WEEKLY

Vol. I Nashville, Tenn. Oct. 23, 1922 No. 8

Regina Cook Cowdrick ('20, A. M.) is professor of English in Anderson College, Anderson, S. C. She is a recognized Browning authority, her brochure on this subject having recently been added to the rare Browning Collection in Baylor University, Waco, Texas.

ATHLETIC NEWS

Six forty-five! All out for setting-up. The uproarious clanging of the sun-rise bell rudely interrupts the sweet dreams of the poor little "freshes" and the haughty "sops". Thus the setting-up exercises started two weeks after all the girls, old and new, had assembled September 12, 1922.

We are much better equipped for all forms of athletics this year and physical culture is to mean one-third of our motto: "A Healthly, Christian, Gentlewoman." Miss Nixon, the director of physical culture, has brought back the best methods of exercise from summer school at Winthrop. Therefore, the best results are expected.

Anderson College is anticipating great things in her realm of sport this year. Everybody is interested in the track which we have on Thanksgiving Day. All the classes are expecting to win the cup. It is going to be a hard fight, because there is good material in all the classes. The Seniors won over the Freshmen last year, but the Freshmen say they are going to get it back this time. Here's to you, go after it! Many inter-collegiate games are expected this time and Anderson College wants to win her reputation back as having the champion basket-ball team of the state. This can be accomplished only by hard work. When our new court is finished, all who are interested in basket ball are expected out there and we are going to put out one of the best trained teams in the state.

Our Athletic Association has been organized and is backing everything attempted. The president is Lillian Huff and the Cheer Leaders are Gladys Atkinson and Edna Parham. With such an organized body of girls, with such competent leaders, great things can be accomplished for OLD BLACK AND GOLD.

EXPRESSION NOTES

The work in Expression has started off splendidly. All of the girls are very enthusiastic over the work and we are planning great things for the year.

In order that we might accomplish more and realizing that through organization the most efficient work is done, we have organized our class, electing the following officers:

President _____ Malvina Hopper
Vice President _____ Frances Harris
Secretary and Treasurer _____ Elizabeth Jones
Editor _____ Ollie Nix

An important feature of our work, which promises to be both interesting and helpful, is the Studio Recitals, which will be given once a month, combined with an hour of social enjoyment.

Mrs. Pratt, the director of the Expression Department, proposes to make the work practical, and in this way meet the need of every pupil. She has awakened in every girl an interest in the work and a desire to do bigger and better things.

The course offered in Expression this year includes voice work, general work in gestures, pantomime work combined with Greek posing, practical public speaking, sight reading, extemporaneous speaking, etc.

We are eagerly awaiting the recital to be given in the near future by Mrs. Pratt, assisted by Miss Denmark. Mrs. Pratt is an artistic reader, and we anticipate an evening of enjoyment.

We hope that more girls will realize the great need of expression work and that the number in our class will be increased.

Ollie Nix.

EXCHANGE TOPICS

This year we hope to exchange magazines with all of our leading colleges. To be able to do this our magazine must be worth exchanging. It goes into every college and is an advertisement of the Anderson College Girl, let us put forth our best effort so that when our magazine goes into the other colleges it will bear the stamp of thought, time and concentrated effort on the part of each editor and contributor.

There will be an Exchange Table in the Library, all the magazines representing different colleges will be placed upon it. When you are in the Library read the various magazines and in this way keep in touch with the activities of other colleges.

In the issue of next month's Orion we hope to have listed a number of exchanges.

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* ALUMNAE NOTES *
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OUR COMMON MOTHER

A MESSAGE FROM THE OLDER DAUGHTERS TO THE YOUNGER CHILDREN OF THEIR ALMA MATER.

"Memory is a gleaner of the mind,
Her sheaves are harvested with smiles and tears;
And in the store-house of the heart,
We find what she has gathered through the years."

Ten years ago, it was, Anderson College opened her doors. Ten years ago, some forty or fifty girls timidly ascended her steps. Ten years ago, some forty or fifty girls passed through her doors—doors which loomed large and austere,—passed through into halls that held for them only a feeling of strangeness. To them it was only a place where empty walls stared back at them—a place where empty halls resounded with the hollow echoes.

But today! Again as before her doors are thrown wide, and again, often, her children return and ascend the broad steps, but now their step is firm and her children seem to tread on holy ground.

The same halls are entered; but in place of the feeling of strangeness, a feeling of the most intimate relationship is associated with every object on which they gaze. Instead of the hollow echoes, their voices resound with the gladsome cries of other voices. The transformation—what has it been? Ten years ago the building they entered denoted to them a mere in-

stitution—Today they may return to the same spot and call it "home"—tenderly and reverently they breathe, "Alma Mater"—"Mother dear".

At best, memories are none too good and now and again it might behoove the most mindful to have them refreshed. And it would not be amiss if **we** the old and **you** the younger children of this our College should covenant together that we shall not allow ourselves to forget.

Lest you forget:

The future of Anderson College is today assured. There are yet trials she must face, battles she must fight, crosses she must bear; but she is confident that she will come forth victorious.

It was not always so—As ghosts of yesterday we, alumnae, appear before you and entreat you to remember the scenes of other days.

Ten years ago Anderson College opened her doors —opened them and counted herself blessed that some forty or fifty girls, passed through and enrolled as boarders.

We would take you back to that scene—a scene of forty girls struggling together, endeavoring to make a college; forty girls trying to secure funds to help furnish the real necessities of the college; forty girls endeavoring to form literary societies, trying to promote class spirit, making an effort to create college loyalty. Forty girls seeking to arouse college enthusiasm, to establish college precedent, to make college history. And the wise shook their heads and said it could not be done. But we were the forty girls, and we knew that it must be done.

Many of the scenes we might recall—scenes, which it is now hard for you to believe could be true, days when the great project seemed almost lost, when defeat seemed inevitable.

From year to year as the college grows more and more prosperous, on public occasions we listen to speeches and often we hear it said that "This is the

greatest year that the college has ever known". As we listen, we wonder if the speaker really knows, if he really understands.

We might point to her "greatest years" as those when a few dared to struggle together—when confronted by every embarrassment, and against every obstacle, a few were discouraged but not without hope, when in the face of all that seemed to denote failure, a few remained unshaken in their faith.

Be it said with all honor to these, her glorious days, we would have you keep an altar flame in your hearts for those who first bore the torch.

And we as Alumnae—Lest we Forget:

For some of us, since we were students there, the time seems long ago—The days were golden—The struggles were many, but the joys far out-weighed them.

"There were sweet dreams in the night
Of time long past;
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast,
Which made us wish it yet might last,
That time long past".

We need to be reminded of the days. We think we have done much for our college. Some of us get the idea that our duties to her were discharged when we were students there. But our duty to her, our loyalty to her is as great now, as it was then.

There are some institutions such as churches and colleges especially, which we think of as such human institutions. We are so closely associated with them, they seem so very much a part of our lives, that they become not the abstract things they appear to be. And somehow it seems that Anderson College can feel and know. And wide she extends her arms as she ever calls her children back to her. And as she witnesses these—her children—return to do her homage—over them she breathes her silent benediction.

C. Sullivan—'16.

* * * * * * *
* LAUGHOGRAMS *
* * * * * * *

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market".

* * * *

Marydell: (With a soulful sigh) "Oh! I just adore art."

Cora: (With keenest interest) "Art who? I don't believe I've met him."

* * * *

Lila: (On her first visit home from college) "Mama, Elizabeth Jones gives me such good advice about everything".

"What does she advise you about, Lila?"

Lila: "She tells me when I haven't got enough powder on my nose."

* * * *

Miss Cowdrick: "Tennyson received 400 pounds for 'Crossing the Bar.' "

Malvina: "What did he cross in?"

* * * *

Margaret: "Lila, I don't believe you'd weigh ninety pounds soaking wet."

* * * *

Freshman: "Are you going to stay for Vestibule tonight?"

* * * *

Tramp: "Lady, can't you help a poor old man? My shoes are so thin I can stand on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails."—Selected.

SONG CHARACTERISTICS

"Miami Shore" ---------- Margaret Wickliff
"Carry be Back to Old Virginny" -- Edna Parham and Babbie
"Fish in the Ocean and Rock in the Sea" ------ Sara F. Stevens
"If Romeo would only Roam My Way Boys" ---- Lila Sullivan
"Carolina Son I'm Lonesome" ---------- Gladys Atkinson
"Kitten on the Keys" ---------- Sammie Harris
"I'm Forever Blowing 'Suds'" ---------- Ruth Cunningham
"Hail; Hail; The Gang's all Here" ---------- Mary Owings
"The Furman Alma Mater" ---------- Emily Watts
"The Rosie-ry" ---------- Martha White
"Old Black Joe" ---------- Pheme Blanton
"Who's Baby are you now" ---------- Mrs. Lumpkin
"Little Brown Leaf" ---------- Mary Dilliard

* * * *

Miss Stephens: "What does 'Charasoscuro' on Bessie Tift's Annual mean?"
Margaret: "In God we Trust."

* * * *

"Light literature is seldom illuminating."

* * * *

Dad: (Seriously) My son don't you think it is about time for you to stand alone?
Son: (Cheerfully) Sure dad, I can stand a loan any time—Selected.

* * * *

"The dictionary is a comforting book. One can always find how to spell a word, if one knows how to spell it in the first place."

* * * *

Student: Beg pardon, but what is this you have Written on my theme?
Teacher: I told you to write more legibly.—Selected

Miss McIntosh: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Brilliant Sophomore: (Thoughtfully) At the bottom.

* * * *

Ernestine: (To-upper-classman) When do you expect to graduate?

Senior: Every year. (J).

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WE SUIT THE HARD TO PLEASE

Baskin Shoe Company

WHY WE LOVE ANDERSON COLLEGE

For the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman Classes, their Officers take this page of the Orion advertising to give good reasons for the enthusiasm of the Student body for ANDERSON COLLEGE.

FIRST: Its President and Deans command our deepest respect for ability, justice and sympathy.

SECOND: The Faculty hold our confidence and affection as instructors and guides in the class room and out of it.

THIRD: Anderson College life is that of a big family pervaded by the spirit of fellowship,—very solemn sometimes, but full of pep.

FOURTH: The Estherian and Lanier Societies divide us and also unite us in intellectual competitions. We have challenged Furman University for a public debate and believe we could show them something.

FIFTH: The equipment and appointments of the college are the nicest and most comfortable to be found in the South. There are few hotels which surpass Anderson College in provisions of comfort.

SIXTH: Our Alma Mater to be is a growing forward looking institution: "Every day and in every way it is getting better and better."

SEVENTH: The religious life and the Christian influence at Anderson is real to everybody connected with the college. The churches of all denominations in Anderson unite in showing their constant interest in the students. There is nothing mechanical about religion in Anderson College.

EIGHTH: We like the people of Anderson and we know they like us. It would be a strange girl who would go away without saying, "Anderson is My Town."